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THE NEW SYRIAC BIBLE.

A WORK OF YEARS JUST COMPLETED BY AMERICAN MISSIONARIES AND NATIVE HELPERS.

After years of labor in the work of translation and revision, the new Syriac

REV. BENJAMIN LABAREE, D.D.
Missionary to Persia, in Charge of the Work.

Bible has at last been completed and the book, printed and bound by the American Bible Society in New York, is now ready for distribution. The history of this long and arduous task, but lately finished, is a most interesting one. From first to last it has been accomplished under the skilled supervision of the Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D.D., an American missionary long resident in Persia and a master of the Syriac and other Oriental languages.

Rev. Dr. Perkins and his missionary colleagues were the pioneer translators of the Scriptures into the Modern Syriac. They began with the New Testament in 1846, which was made from the Syriac version known as Peshitto, a version esteemed by all Biblical scholars and almost venerated by the Nestorians. It was printed on the American mission press at Oroomiah, the Peshitto being placed side by side in parallel columns with the Syriac. Six years later, in 1852, was issued the first translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew into the spoken Syriac, the Peshitto version being in many respects defective and inaccurate, since it had been made to harmonize more with the original Greek than the Hebrew. Still later, the necessity was felt for a volume less bulky than those in use, the Syriac characters being large and the complete Scriptures weighing between five and six pounds. Accordingly, type of a smaller size was prepared by the American Bible Society at a great expense; but, as the Bible Society has already printed, from its own types, the Bible either in whole or in part, in nearly 350 languages, it did not hesitate, and a new and convenient pocket edition of the New Testament was issued in 1863. Other editions followed, but in no case were the Old and New Testaments issued in one volume. These editions were ultimately exhausted and it was decided to undertake a thorough revision of all the translations before issuing another. A close comparison of the language and dialects, in the light of the fuller knowledge acquired during a lapse of twenty years, convincingly showed the great need of such a revision. In the early editions, the translators had conformed to the Oroomiah dialect, but it had never come into the general use expected, and it was therefore decided after full consideration, to make the Syriac style available for a much wider constituency. Defective translations in the earlier editions have been amended in the new, and the meaning of the original

JOEL W. ABRAHAM.
Assistant and Proof-reader—A Native Nestorian.

has been made clearer, while at the same time the translation itself is simple and idiomatic, and the dialect which is spoken on the western mountain slopes of Koordistan (embracing nearly one-half of the Nestorian people), is accorded prominent recognition. In addition to these advantages, the entire Bible—both Old and New Testaments—is in one compact convenient volume, and contains the references.

There are also copious foot notes, giving either the Greek or Peshitto reading, when there is a material difference in the sense. Many redundancies and other peculiarities of the ancient Syriac are eliminated in the new version, and as a whole, as regards literary form and accuracy in translation, it is by far the most valuable version of the Syrian Scriptures yet published. It is hardly necessary to add that the new Syriac Bible will receive a warm welcome from the Nestorians, who have always evinced a beautiful reverence for the Word, and whose whole history, through the ages, is that of a people holding to a pure, simple faith, while many ancient churches have been whelmed in corruption and superstition.

The Syrian language is the language of the Nestorians, who, ages ago, removed from Syria into Persia to escape persecution. Every nationality in Persia, whether Turkish, Armenian, Syrian or Jewish, uses its own dialect and hence the Nestorians use the Syriac. It should be explained that among themselves they do not use or recognize the appellation Nestorian, preferring to call themselves 'Surayi.' Their spiritual leader bears the title of 'Patriach of the East.'

This modern Syriac is not now regarded by Semitic scholars as a descendant of the classic tongue of the Peshitto, known as the ancient Syriac, but rather as a representative of some sister branch of the Aramaic family of languages now otherwise lost sight of. There are two somewhat different alphabets in which the Syrian is written: the Jacobite and the Nestorian. This modern Syriac Bible uses the beautiful Nestorian square character. Nine years ago the revision was undertaken by the Rev. Dr. Labaree and his corps of assistants, and the printing of portions of it began six years ago. It was temporarily suspended, and was resumed in the fall of 1891 and continued until complete. The Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D.D., the translator, who successfully accomplished this great and important work, is the son of the late President Labaree of Middlebury College, Vt. He received his earlier college training at that institution and was graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1859. In the following year he went out to Persia, and entered on missionary work under the auspices of the American Board. He was stationed at Oroomiah, and remained connected with that mission after its transfer to the Presbyterian Board, until the summer of 1891, with the exception of two vacation visits to the United States. He came to the United States two

DAVID ISMAIL.
A Native Nestorian Typesetter who helped the Work.

years ago, for the purpose of personally supervising the printing of the Syriac Bible. He is still in that country, and his return is rendered uncertain by the condition of his family's health. A son, Rev. Benjamin W. Labaree, has recently been ordained to the ministry and will go to Oroomiah as a missionary this fall.

Associated in the work of producing the new Syrian Bible were, Mr. Joel W. Abraham, Mr. Paul Behman and Mr. David Ismail, whose portraits are given with this article. The first acted as assistant revisor and proof-reader, and the others as typesetters, having been trained to the business at the Mission Printing House at Oroomiah. Valuable assistance was also rendered by Mr. McLean, who for years has been employed by the American Bible Society, and who is able to read with equal facility manuscripts in a number of Oriental languages. Mr. Abraham is the son of the oldest Nestorian pastor among the Evangelical Nestorian churches in Oroomiah. He himself is a graduate of the Mission College where he took a high rank as a scholar. He was later, for two or three years, translator and general assistant on the mission press at Oroomiah, under the care of Dr. Labaree. In the fall or winter of 1891, he came to the United States, to assist in completing the revision of the Bible, and acted as native proof-reader. He is now contemplating taking a course of theological study in the hope of going back to Persia as a preacher of the Gospel.

Mr. Behman is a convert from Mohammedanism to Christianity, through the influence of missionary teaching at Oroomiah. He was educated as a Mohammedan priest, but became dissatisfied with his religion, not finding in it that rest for his soul for which he greatly yearned.

He longed to use the Christian Scriptures. He had been told that they contained test proofs of the truth of Mohammedanism, but that the Christians would not let him

PAUL BEHMAN.
A Native Nestorian who set the Syriac Type.

use their sacred book. Then with grim determination he began to study English in the hope of finding a copy of the Scrip-

AUBERT GALLION QUE

tures that would bring to him the lacking proof about his own religion. In this way, he came under the influence of Christian teachers. It was a great joy to his heart when he found that he was allowed to examine the Christian Scriptures, but to his dismay, they contained no such proof of Mohammed's claims as he had hoped to find. This resulted in his accepting Christ as his Master and Saviour.

He was then taken to the Mission Printing Press, learned to compose both in Turkish and Syriac, little imagining at that day, the important service he was to render in Syrian printing in America years afterwards. After a time it became too uncomfortable for him to remain at home and continue the profession of his new faith. He was exposed to no little persecution, and even his near relatives were vehement against him. With a companion

FROM THE NEW SYRIAC BIBLE.

Revelation 3:1-8. From the Original Type in which the New Version is Printed.

who was, like himself, a convert from Islam to Christianity, he set out on the way to Constantinople, where he sought employment in the bindery of the American Bible House. After some months his friends from Persia recognized him and again his position became one of peril. For months he was compelled to eat and sleep and live in the Bible House, lest he should encounter some malicious Mohammedan who would decoy him to destruction. At a later date, he found it expedient to come to America, where he secured employment in a book bindery until the Syrian Bible began to be prepared, when he was engaged exclusively upon the work.

David Ismail is a native of the village of Gulpashan. His mother was a devoted Christian and left a widow early with five children to care for. She secured an education for them all at the Mission village school, with no little self-denial and hardship on her own part. Mr. Ismail's brother is now pastor of an Evangelical church in his native town, one of the largest, wealthiest and most flourishing of all the missionary churches in the Oroomiah field. David has been for some years an elder in this church, and one of its most active and devoted members. He came to this country less than two years ago, to engage upon the printing of the Syrian Bible.

The Nestorians form an ancient Christian sect who take their name from Nestorius, a patriarch of the fifth century, and who followed him in rejecting the statement that 'Mary was the mother of God.' Originally, they dwelt for the most part in the north of Persia, and were far more numerous than now; but the tyrant Tamerlane, in the fourteenth century, came down from Tartary with his hordes and almost annihilated them. Their churches were demolished, their sacred books and literature destroyed, the rivers made red with their blood and only a remnant of them was spared. These escaped to the fastnesses of the Koordish Mountains, where they dwelt among the wild tribes, built simple churches and worshipped after the manner of their fathers. Later, many of them ventured down upon the plains of Persia, where they have since lived, remaining, practically, in villages by themselves, but sometimes obliged to mingle with the Mohammedans and to accept a position of inferiority to these.

After many such persecutions, with their literature well nigh destroyed, except a few books in manuscript, and these written in the ancient Syriac tongue—this old church has yet maintained the primitive faith in far greater purity than any other Oriental church. They have tenaciously clung to their Bibles and reverence them as the very word of God. The Nestorians, in both Persia and Koordistan (under Turkish rule), probably number 75,000 to 100,000 souls, fully 25,000 being in Persia. The A. B. C. F. M. began its missionary work among the Persian Nestorians in 1833. The Presbyterian Board in 1870 ceased its support of the American Board and undertook the conduct of 'the mission to Persia.' In no quarter of the globe has the work been characterized by more energy, devotion and complete consecration and the American Protestant churches have sent, as a whole, fully 100 of their noblest sons and daughters to this special field.

The work of evangelization among the Nestorians has its centre in Oroomiah and multitudes have been won to Christianity. —*Christian Herald.*

SOME WAYS OF WORKING.

The *Endeavor Herald* tells of the following useful methods recently used by a Canadian Junior Society: "The roll is called at each meeting, and each member responds with a memorized verse of Scripture. Just now as we are taking the verses alphabetically, i. e., one evening all the verses commenced with the letter 'A,' and next, 'B,' and so on. This is very interesting. If the verse is not memorized, they are supposed merely to say 'present,' but we rarely hear that. On consecration night the different committees, of which we have seven, each recite in concert a verse expressive of their work; for instance, the temperance committee's verse is, 'Look not upon the wine,' etc.; the sunshine committee, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'; lookout, 'I have set watchmen upon my walls, O Jerusalem'; birthday committee, 'So teach us to number our days,' etc.; then all the members, with officers, recite in concert our motto, 'One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.' Each meeting is opened by singing, 'Praise God from whom all blessing flow,' and closed with the Mizpah benediction."

HIS CHIEF BUSINESS.

Teaching is the chief business of a teacher. Whatever else a teacher may do for his scholars, he is a failure as a teacher unless he teaches them positive truth. And a teacher has not taught a truth until somebody has learned that truth; hence one who is called a teacher cannot be sure that he is a teacher until he can point to some one who has learned through his teaching. Influencing a pupil is very important in its way, and every teacher ought to influence while he teaches, influence by his personal character, and by his words and ways, as well as by the positive truth he is teaching; but influencing is not in itself teaching. One who is called a teacher may do more good by his influence than another does by his teaching; but if he only influences and does not teach, he is no teacher, whatever he is called.—*Sunday-School Times.*

IMPULSE

"The good work done by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is in no other direction so evident as in the many thousands of young people in this land who to-day are on fire with a desire to save souls." "One day the writer met a man on one of the most crowded streets of Chicago. As I passed him, the impulse came to speak to him about the Saviour. Stopping a moment and asking God to show me if the impulse was from him, I turned around and followed the man. I overtook him in the middle of the street, laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, 'My friend, are you a Christian?' He started and said, 'That's a strange question to ask a man.' I said, 'I know it, and I do not ask that question of every stranger, but God put it into my heart to ask it of you.' He then told me that his cousin was a minister, and had been urging this very matter upon him; that he himself was a graduate of Amherst College, but had been ruined by drink. After further conversation we separated, but later the man accepted Christ as his Saviour."

DO YOU PRAY?

This simple query was put the other evening to a little boy at the close of a prayer meeting. His answer revealed the fact that he came from a prayerless home. "Ask your mother to teach you to pray, won't you?" He promised to, and went home. The little fellow did as he was told. He also sought his father's aid, asking him, "Papa, why don't you pray?" The voice of the child was the voice of God. Neither father nor mother found rest until they heeded the call. In a few days they came into the light of Christ's love, and now have in their home an altar of prayer. The "wayside word" of a stranger, carried by that little child, found fruitful soil and yielded a speedy harvest.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.—OCT. 8, 1893.

REDEMPTION IN CHRIST.—Rom 3: 19-26.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.'—Rom. 3: 24.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 3: 19-31.—Redemption in Christ.
T. Rom. 4: 1-17.—Imputed righteousness.
W. Psalm 32: 1-11.—Transgression Forgiven; Sin Covered.
Th. Rom. 8: 1-17.—No Condemnation.
F. Rom. 8: 18-39.—No Separation.
S. Heb. 3: 1-19.—The High Priest of our Profession.
S. Heb. 9: 11-28.—The Blood of Christ.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Guilty before God. vs. 19, 20.
II. Justified by Grace. vs. 21-26.

TIME.—Spring, A.D. 58; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II king of Chalcis and Galilee.

PLACE.—Written from Corinth, at the close of the three months' residence there of Acts 20: 3; the wintering of 1 Cor. 16: 6.

OPENING WORDS.

The design of our lesson passage is to exhibit the gospel method of justification. It is not by works, but by faith (vs. 21, 22); is adapted to all men (vs. 21, 23); is entirely gratuitous (vs. 24); has for its ground the sacrifice of Christ (vs. 24, 25); reconciles the exercise of mercy with the divine justice. v. 26.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

19. *The law*—the Old Testament Scriptures. *Them who are under the law*—the Jews. *That every mouth may be stopped*—that Jews as well as Gentiles may be deprived of all excuse. *Become*—be found.—20. *By the deeds of the law*—by doing what the law commands. *Justified*—pronounced and treated as righteous. 21. *The Righteousness of God*—the righteousness which God gives, and which men cannot get by vain attempts perfectly to keep God's law. *Witnessed*—testified, taught. 22. *Faith of Jesus Christ*—faith of which Christ is the object. *Unto all*—Both Jew and Gentile. 24. *Redemption*—deliverance by payment of a ransom. 25. *Set forth*—publicly exhibited. *Propitiation*—sacrifice for sin. *Declare his righteousness*—show plainly that he is just as righteous in the forgiveness of sinners who believe in Crist. *That are past*—committed under the former dispensation, before the coming of Christ, Heb. 9: 15, 26. *At this time*—under the gospel dispensation. *Just and the justifier*—that is, just, although the justifier.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What did you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. GUILTY BEFORE GOD, vs. 19, 20.—To whom is the law addressed? Who are intended by them under the law? What does this prove? What does the apostle conclude from the universal guilt of man? Meaning of justified? How can no man be justified? For what is the law intended? How does the law convince of sin.

II. JUSTIFIED BY GRACE, vs. 21-26.—What is meant by the righteousness of God without the law? How are believers justified? How has Christ redeemed us? Gal. 3: 13; 1 Pet. 1: 18. What has God set forth Christ to be? How does Christ declare God's righteousness? What has he done to save sinners? What must he do to be justified? What is faith in Jesus Christ?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. All men are sinners, and justly condemned.
2. We cannot be freed from condemnation by our own merits or works.
3. Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law by his obedience unto death.
4. Justification is the pardon and acceptance of the sinner for the sake of what Christ has done and suffered for him.
5. God will thus justify every one who trusts the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the design of this lesson? Ans. To show the gospel plan of salvation.
2. What have you learned about all men? Ans. All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.
3. What follows from this? Ans. By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.
4. How then may sinners be justified? Ans. Freely by God's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.
5. What then must we do to be saved? Ans. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 15, 1893.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.—Rom. 5: 1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'—Rom. 5: 8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 5: 1-11.—Justification by Faith.
T. Rom. 5: 12-21.—Grace Abounding.
W. Rom. 6: 1-23.—Baptized into His Death.
Th. Gal. 2: 15-21.—By the Faith of Jesus Christ.
F. Gal. 3: 1-29.—Redeemed from the Curse.
S. Heb. 2: 1-18.—Reconciliation for the Sins of the people.
S. Rev. 5: 9-14.—The New Song.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Justified by Faith. vs. 1-5.
II. Reconciled by Christ's Death. vs. 6-8.
III. Saved by Christ's Life. vs. 9-11.

TIME.—Spring, A.D. 58: Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis and Galilee.

PLACE.—Written from Corinth, at the close of the three months' residence there of Acts 20: 3; the wintering of 1 Cor. 16: 6.

OPENING WORDS.

The apostle, having established the doctrine of justification by faith, proceeds in this lesson to give some of the fruits of justification. The first is peace with God (v. 1); the second, ready access to his presence, a sense of his present favor and assurance of his future glory (v. 2); the third, triumph in trial (vs. 3-5); the fourth, the certainty of final salvation (v. 6).

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Therefore*—the conclusion drawn from the preceding discussion. *Justified*—counted as righteous before God. *By Faith*—which receives Christ's righteousness. *Peace with God*—reconciliation, favor, friendship. *Through our Lord Jesus Christ*—by means of his atoning sacrifice. 2. *Access*—introduction into this state of favor, including liberty of access to God. *Wherein we stand*—which we now enjoy. *Glory of God*—that which he possesses and gives. 3. *Tribulations*—troubles, afflictions. *Patience*—constancy, patient endurance. 4. *Experience*—experimental evidence of God's favor. *Hope*—of the glory of God (v. 2). 5. *Maketh not ashamed*—does not disappoint those who exercise it. *The Love of God*—the assurance of God's love to us. 6. *Without strength*—helpless, as sinners. *In due time*—at the appointed time. *For*—in place of. 7. *Scarcely*—hardly to be expected. *Righteous*—just. *Good*—kind. It is hardly to be expected that one would die in place of a merely just man though for a kind man this might be done. 8. *Commendeth*—proves, makes known. *Yet sinners*—not merely not good, but not even righteous. 9. *Much more*—the greater has been done; the less will not be withheld. *We shall be saved from wrath*—he will not leave his work unfinished: whom he justifies, them he also glorifies.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses.

I.—JUSTIFIED BY FAITH. vs. 1-5.—To what does the word therefore in verse 1 refer? What is justification? What is here named as the first fruit of justification? Meaning of peace with God? How does it flow from justification? Through whom do we obtain this peace? What is the second fruit of justification? Into what state have we access through Christ? What follows from believers being in this state of favor with God? What is the third justification by faith? Why do believers glory in tribulation? (Because of its present effect on their hearts and lives. vs. 3-5). What is the first effect mentioned? The second? The third? What is said of hope? How is the love of God shed abroad in the heart?

II. RECONCILED BY CHRIST'S DEATH. vs. 6-8.—What is the fourth fruit of justification? How does the apostle show the certainty of the believer's salvation? How has God manifested his love for us? What is meant by Christ's dying for the ungodly? What illustration does Paul here use to show the greatness of God's love? What is here meant by the word righteous? By the word good? What does the word commendeth here mean?

III. SAVED BY CHRIST'S LIFE. vs. 9-11.—What is inferred from the love of God? What is meant by being justified by the blood of Christ? How does the life of Christ secure that of his people? What present benefits do Christians enjoy? What is meant by receiving the atonement? To whom are we indebted for all these blessings?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ.
2. We rejoice in hope through Jesus Christ.
3. We triumph in trial through Jesus Christ.
4. We shall be finally saved through Jesus Christ.
5. How much we should love him, trust him, serve him!

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is first consequence of justification by faith? Ans. Peace with God. v. 1.
2. What is the second? Ans. Access to God, a sense of his present favor, and assurance of future glory. v. 2.
3. What is the third? Ans. Triumph in trial because we know that God loves us. vs. 3-5.
4. What is the fourth? Ans. The certainty of final salvation.
5. What great mark of love has God shown to us? Ans. God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A PRAYER FOR OUR CHILDREN.

Father our children keep!
We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of thy heavenly wing,
Oh, keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them birth.

Father draw nearer us!
Draw firmer round us thy protecting arm;
Oh, clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide!
Oh, hide them, and preserve them calm and safe
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

Oh, keep them undefiled!
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin:
That, clothed in white, through the bright city gates
They may with us in triumph enter in.
—*H. Bonar.*

HOW THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY BROUGHT UP HER CHILDREN.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Some papers on the training of children have reminded me of a conversation recently had with a lady who was an intimate friend of the great mother of the Salvation Army. From her I learned that Mrs. Booth determined early in her married life and with almost passionate earnestness, that she 'would never have a wicked child.' This she was wont to declare to her little flock that finally numbered eight. She often told them that she 'would pray her children dead rather than have them depart from righteousness.' One of her daughters recalls how her mother was wont to gather the little ones around her and pray that they might die rather than ever become wicked, and the thrill she felt when her mother's hot tears dropped on her bare neck while she prayed.

This undying zeal was the less remarkable in a woman who had read the Bible through eight times before she was twelve years of age and had wrought into the warp and woof of her nature its law as well as its gospel. Sometimes she was very severe against what are called 'society' sins, and especially spoke out her mind when she was preaching at a seaside resort. One of her daughters said as they left the church together, 'I think, mother, you are a little too heavy on them.' Whereupon Mrs. Booth responded, 'Ah! you are like the rest of them, pleading for the syrup without the sulphur.' One of her constant reiterations was, 'I not only wish to know what you are converted from, but what you are converted to.'

This forceful spirit had perhaps its earliest manifestations in Mrs. Booth as a mother when her son, Bramwell, was but six months old, and for the first time showed symptoms of rebellion in the refusal to lie down in his little cradle. He fought, struggled and roared; his young mother held him one-half hour exactly as she wanted him to lie in the cradle, and although he began to grow blue in the face she never swerved for an instant from her decision. From that time he never gave her any trouble. His friends call him a seraphic spirit; one whose knowledge of the higher ranges of Christian experience cannot be doubted by any who know his daily life.

Talking with a young mother who had come to her for counsel Mrs. Booth said with great earnestness: 'Never let anything pass, that is my motto. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines, it is the slight departures in little children from what their mother has taught them that undermine her power. If, when they are small and easily guided, you polarize them toward yourself in obedience, faith and love, they will never wander away. You must not let them cheat at games, you must not let them use any words of doubtful tendency, for if one's words are right down to the smallest particular, one's deeds are almost sure to be the same.' If in their simplest play Mrs. Booth saw her children attempting to overreach, she would stop them, then and there, no matter who was present, and tell them 'no child of hers could do a thing like that.'

When her son, Ballington, now at the head of the Salvation Army forces in America, was fourteen years of age, she noticed in him a tendency to exaggerate in speech, and checked him with the words: 'If you go on like that you will be a liar, and no child of mine must ever become that.' She was at this time almost too ill to move, but she told the boy to go up stairs and take off his jacket. He pitied his mother so much to think of the undertaking before her that he burst into tears, crying out, 'Let father do it,' although he knew that his father was much more severe; but his mother followed him to his room, saying, after a most earnest talk, 'I have impressed these views on your mind; it is now my painful duty to impress them on your body,' and she gave him as sound a thrashing as she was able.

Mrs. Booth was urging her friend thus to take her own little ones in hand. 'Oh, but!' was the response, 'you have more *power in your little finger than I have in* my whole body.' 'Never mind said Mrs. Booth, 'then you must believe for fierceness. Behold the goodness and severity of God; that is what the Scripture says. You dread, perhaps, to do this; you think your children will not love you. Let me show you a letter from my son in America; it reads like that of a lover.' And so it did, as the two women bent over its beautiful pages, and the mother, whose goodness and severity had helped to mould his character, shed happy tears upon its loving lines.

I am neither indorsing nor condemning this method of bringing up children; the exact opposite was the one my mother used; she never struck me a blow in her life, almost never gave me a command, and yet I remember writing her in my maturer years: 'I cannot be driven by Niagara, but you have always led me with a straw.' But the question of training children is many-sided. Inheritance, environment and character produce such different specimens that it is well for us to consider various methods, and that of Mrs. Booth merits our thought for two reasons at least. First, it was followed by one of the greatest and best women that ever lived; second—it has produced a family of eight children who are probably by their combined efforts doing more good to-day than any other mother's eight children that can be named.—*London, England. Union Signal.*

NO PARLOR.

The word parlor always suggests to my mind a vague something not exactly practical or beautiful, with no savor of comfort or happiness, but instead, a breathless sort of place, from its solemnity or 'not to be used' air; a place so sacred from disturbances and the possible dust that may come in at the open windows, as to always lack geniality and fresh air. In stately mansions, its forbiddingness takes an air of such supreme elegance that humanity seems not related because there is no deference to the common needs. I always feel a chill when honored by a reception in a parlor or drawing-room, and I feel one of the richest tributes I can pay my mother is that she so loved her home that she never had a parlor. The largest and sunniest room had the best furnishings, and along with easy chairs, cheery pictures, an open piano, and books in plenty, were the open window and vases of flowers in summer, and warm fire and plate of fruits in winter.

Mother always had a sitting-room apart, because our reception room was so popular that sometimes she wished to spend her evening more quietly with book or friend than with our merry group. But no guest left the happy young circle without a good-night to mother, even if she had seen fit to withdraw from our musical, fun-loving crowd. All who came thought the evening incomplete without the pleasant smile, jolly word, or bit of kindly counsel they sought of my mother, 'the young folks' friend.'

It was through this sweet freedom, informality and unity of our home life that the children's friends were always under the supervision of our parents. A shield invisible was about us in this parental love and companionship, and our home made the centre of pure and wholesome amusement for our young companions. Our mother knew our friends and she was our, and often their, confidential friend.

Let us not waste one inch of room in our house by making it a show room. If we would have our home the brightest spot in the memory of our boys and girls, when they have become men and women, let the atmosphere of the home be genial, sympathetic, with every belonging serving every day the human needs of unfolding lives.—*Selected.*

THE REFUSE.

What to do with the varied waste of the house, is a problem every housekeeper must meet, and I have solved it to some extent.

To begin with the ashes. Those from the coal stove are spread upon the driveway and walks, which they gradually render firm and solid. Wood ashes are scattered thinly here and there over the grass. The next shower of summer, or the next snowstorm of winter, washes them away or covers them from sight. They are an excellent dressing for the lawn, as our thick growth of dark green grass proves.

The table scraps, after our kitty has had her fill, are saved for a neighbor's big dog. Any bone that may be too large for him to swallow, I drop into the stove. There too, go all the waste papers, soiled scrubbing and floor cloths, and all worn-out boots and shoes, to be 'purified so as by fire.' I also burn all vegetable and fruit-parings, and the outside cabbage leaves. Tucked away in a back corner of the firebox they soon vanish, leaving nothing but a handful of clean ashes. The dish water is carried out, and thrown on the pile of stable litter behind the barn, where it immediately disappears.

That disposes of everything except the broken dishes, tin cans, and such things. We finally dug a hole three or four feet deep for them, and when it is nearly full, we shall cover it up and dig another.

In summer time, all the weeds taken from the garden are put in an out-of-the-way corner, and the pea-pods, melon-rinds green-corn husks, etc., are added to the pile. Then the dishwater is poured over them, and by fall I have a supply of excellent earth for my house plants.

In this way we avoid any accumulation of rubbish on the place. The back-door yard is just as sweet and wholesome as the front lawn. There is no need of a spring cleaning of the premises, except to rake up the dead leaves that have lain under the snow.—*Housekeeper.*

VENTILATION.

BY MARY L. PALMER.

Probably more deaths than we are aware of are caused by impure air. The proportion of forty in one hundred has been given and the chief cause of this impurity is carbonic acid gas—a deadly poison. This gas killed one hundred and twenty-three persons in eleven hours in the 'Black Hole' of Calcutta in 1756, and has killed many, very many since. The atmosphere of our rooms is not receiving the attention it should. Ventilation is of prime importance, and when we consider the many sources of impure air—the breath, exhalations from the body, stoves, lamps, candles, and vapors and odors from cooking—we should see to it that good air replaces the bad.

A little study and applied thought will do this. There is no safety but in thorough ventilation, and there are various ways of obtaining it. One of the best is an open fireplace, failing this a large hole in the chimney near the ceiling is recommended. It may be covered with some kind of lattice-work and made to look quite ornate. A long window open at top and bottom is often necessary in summer, and open doors are a blessing. Other means may be devised.

It is thought, applied thought, that we want. Rooms heated by close stoves and hot-air registers always require ventilation. There must be fresh air admitted or carbonic acid gas is generated and inhaled. What is true of our homes is true of schoolhouses, churches, theatres, workshops, and cars. These are all usually imperfectly ventilated. And since we must breathe at night as well as day ventilation of our sleeping-rooms is to be studied. We do not wish to sleep in a strong current of air and we wish to breathe good air during sleep. Poorly ventilated sleeping-rooms have been the cause of much mischief.—*Christian at Work.*

CULTIVATE REFINEMENT.

Do not draw into your shell. So much is to be gained by contact with the outside world. The influence of the social current has the same effect upon human nature as that produced by the constant friction of the sea upon the pebbles on the beach. Rough corners are polished and sharp angles smoothed down into symetrical proportions. But it is not enough to be simply in the swim. One must, to be happy, cultivate that society which elevates and ennobles. Seek relaxation for mind and body among a set of people who hold broad views of living. Narrow-minded men and woman, and the world is full of them, will only give you distorted ideas of life, ideas that will change the sunniest and most healthful disposition into one morose, churlish, and ill-natured. Be careful then, whom you choose for your companions.—*Standard.*

LEFT UNDONE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache,
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say:
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

RECIPES.

SALT is a splendid polisher for brass; mixed with vinegar it is excellent for mica stove windows; with lemon or cream of tartar it will remove rust from iron or steel.

SOAP, starch and salt should be rubbed into spots of mildew on cloth, which can then be restored by placing in the sun for an hour or two.

THERE IS no better skin stimulant than a brisk rubbing with salt and water. Wet salt applied to a bee sting will quickly give relief.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel ripe tomatoes and lay them on the ice for two hours. Just before serving cut them in quarters or slices, lay them on lettuce-leaves and serve with a mayonnaise dressing. They are also very good with a French dressing and unaccompanied by the lettuce.

'HAMBURG CREAM' is so easy to make, we are sure our housekeeping readers will be glad to know it. Beat together the juice of two lemons, one-half pound of sifted sugar, and the yolks of five eggs. Put on the fire in a double boiler, and let it come to a boil. Add quickly the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Stir all well together, take immediately from the fire, and serve cold in glasses or in large dessert dish.

CHICKEN SALAD.—The meat of a cold boiled chicken cut into small pieces; half as much celery as you have chicken, cut into inch lengths; one small head lettuce; pepper and salt to taste; one tablespoonful oil; one tablespoonful vinegar; one full cup mayonnaise dressing. Mix the cut chicken and celery, season them, and moisten them with the oil and vinegar. Line a salad-bowl with lettuce, and on this heap your salad. Pour the thick mayonnaise dressing over the chicken and celery. In summer-time when celery is scarce and expensive, it may be omitted from the salad, and then it is well to use celery salt in seasoning. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled egg, stoned olives, or capers, as you may desire.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—One egg; one pint salad oil—the best—never use a cheap oil; one tablespoonful vinegar; half a lemon; saltspoonful salt; half-saltspoonful each of mustard and white pepper. Separate the white and the yolk of the egg. To the latter add the juice of the lemon, the salt, pepper and mustard. Mix with three or four stirs of a fork. Begin putting in the oil, a few drops at a time, stirring steadily, increasing the quantity as the dressing thickens. When about two-thirds of the oil has been used, the vinegar should be added, little by little, and after that the remainder of the oil. The steady stirring of the fork should be unremitting. If egg, oil, and plate have been chilled before they are used, this dressing may be made in ten or fifteen minutes. Place it on the ice until needed, and, just before sending to table, whip the white of the egg to a standing froth and stir it lightly into the dressing. Should the egg and oil curdle and separate, or obstinately refuse to thicken do not waste time in the futile attempt to stir them to a success. Take another egg, and begin again in a fresh plate. When this dressing thickens—as it will, unless there is something radically wrong with the egg, oil or worker—add the curdled dressing carefully, a little at a time, stirring incessantly. The result should be as good a mayonnaise as could be desired. In hot weather, especial care shoul be taken to have utensils and ingredients alike ice-cold.

BIJAH'S STORY.

He was little more than a baby,
And played in the streets all day,
And he held in his tiny fingers
The string of a broken sleigh.
He was ragged and cold and hungry
Yet his face was a sight to see,
As he lisped to a passing lady—
'Pletho, mithus, will you vide me?'

She drew close her fur-lined mantle.
And her train of silk and lace,
While she stared, with haughty wonder,
In the eager, piteous face.
And the eyes that shone so brightly,
Brimmed o'er with gushing rain,
And the poor little head dropped lower,
While his heart beat a sad refrain.

When night came, cold and darkly,
And the lamps were all alight,
The pallid lips grew whiter
With childish grief and fright.
And as I passed the entrance
Of a church across the way,
I found the poor dead baby
With his head on the broken sleigh.

Soon young and eager footsteps
Were heard on the frozen street,
And a boy dashed into the station,
Covered with snow and sleet,
On his coat was a newsboy's number,
On his arm 'a bran new sled.'
Have you seen my brother, Bijah?
He ought to be home in bed.'

'You see I leave him at Smithers
While I go round with the 'Press,'
They must have forgot about him,
And he's strayed away I guess.
Last night when he said 'Our Father,'
And about the daily bread,
He just threw in an extra,
Concernin' a nice new sled.

'I was telling the boys at the office,
And how he was only three,
So they stuck in for this here stunner,
And sent it home with me
And won't—What's the matter, Bijah?
Why do you shake your head?
Oh, Father in heaven, have pity!
Oh, Bijah, he can't be dead!'

He clasped the child to his bosom,
In a passionate close embrace,
His tears and kisses falling
'Twixt sobs on the little face.
Soon the boyish grief grew silent;
There was never a tear nor a moan,
For the heart of the dear Lord Jesus
Had taken the children home.

WHO SET IT GOING?

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

BABY.

It was Mrs. Crow's birthday—midsummer eve; as usual, a tea-party celebrated the event. As the assemblage principally consisted of the residents of the "Row," local topics were freely discussed.

Mrs. Baldwin introduced the Parkers' name: she had heard that they were going to leave their house the next day.

"And without saying good-bye, or speaking a word to any of us. I think it is most ungrateful," added Mrs. Baldwin, "especially to Mrs. Crow."

"Why especially to me, my dear?"

"Because you have been so very kind to them."

But Mrs. Crow shook her head.

"I have had nothing to do with them since you hinted that they did not wish for my visits—though ready to take any neighbor by the hands, I'm not one to intrude where I'm not wanted."

And then with gentle voice Mrs. Crow said how foolish persons were to give themselves airs, and to look down upon those who were less well off than themselves—as if true hearts and sincere friendships were not of more value than worldly wealth!

And then some one, less well informed than the rest of the party, inquired if the Parkers had come into a large fortune.

"Some thousands," was the reply. "Did you hear how many, Mrs. Baldwin?"

"I never heard definitely, but I believe it is a large amount," answered Mrs. Baldwin. "Actions speak louder than words, and from one thing and another, I feel sure they have come into property, and the reason that they keep so exclusive is that they want to have nothing to do with us when they get into their fine house."

There was an indignant chorus to the effect that the Parkers need not be afraid, and that those who do not live in the Clapperton Road might be as good and even better than those who did."

"The Clapperton Road! Are they really going there?"

And all eyes were again centred on Mrs. Baldwin.

"You said so, did not you?"

"I feel sure they are going to the Clapperton Road," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "for I have met Mrs. Parker and that solemn looking child of hers coming from that direction more than once, and though I stared at her she pretended not to see me, and on more than one occasion I have seen her go into the upholsterer's—then there has been a van at the Parker's door—and it is my belief that they are having new furniture."

And Mrs. Baldwin felt particularly aggrieved that the inhabitants of No. 5 should have that which she was unable to obtain.

But just then Mrs. Crow's trim little maid threw open the sitting-room door and announced that tea was ready. In another moment hostess and guests would have crossed the well-furnished hall, and entered the apartment in which this welcome meal was served, had not an unlooked for circumstance arrested their attention.

From the window was heard a voice demanding admittance.

"Please I want to tom in."

"Bless me! who can that be?"

And with no small amount of curiosity Mrs. Crow and her visitors turned to the casement.

There they saw a wee delicate creature, who plaintively reiterated:

"I want to tom in?"

"Who are you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Crow.

"I'm Baby."

"Baby Who?"

"Not Baby Who—Baby."

A pucker of distress gathered on the speaker's face.

"It is Baby Parker,' whispered Mrs. Baldwin, "but how miserably thin she looks!"

"Are you Baby Parker?"

And as the flaxen head gave a nod of assent Mrs. Crow added:

"I wonder what can be her reason for coming to me?"

Baby Parker explained.

"I've brought my mumma's work for 'ou to do, she's asleep and tan't do it. And will 'ou dive my mumma and dada some of those nice things in 'ou basket?"—then eagerly—"'ou will, won't 'ou?"

What did it mean?

Mrs. Crow looked at Mrs. Baldwin, and Mrs. Baldwin at the other residents of the "Row," with such bewilderment, that, despairing of making herself understood, Baby Parker began to cry.

At this Mrs. Crow suggested that some one should lift her in at the window. This done, all gathered round the wee creature, as disjointedly, but in her own way, she discoursed on her domestic affairs.

She told how "dada touldn't det employment;" how he walked about all day and come home so tired that "mumma" cried; and that some men came and took away all their nice furniture, and that they had only old chairs to sit on, and they were going away from Pratts' Row because they couldn't afford to live there.

"Where is your mamma?" asked Mrs. Crow.

"Mumma's at home, and I want 'ou to dive me something nice for her when she wakes up."

The assemblage stood convicted by the child in their midst.

Fond of jumping to conclusions a melancholy thought occurred to Mrs. Baldwin; an ashy pallor overspread her face as she whispered her belief that Mrs. Parker was already dead.

"Like as not it is the sleep of death," she said.

But Mrs. Crow, who thought a little practical help was worth a ton of sympathy, resolved at once to find the true state of affairs.

Begging her friends to excuse her, and with a request that Mrs. Baldwin would kindly preside at the tea-table in her absence, she took baby's hand and led her from the room.

* * * * * *

But a few minutes before refreshed by a brief interval of rest Mrs. Parker awoke and opened her eyes—even a smile lighted her countenance, but the barely furnished room brought her sorrow back, and with a sigh she covered her face with her hands.

An instant later she raised her head.

"Where was baby?"

With a wild, startled cry she ran from the room—the open street-door confirmed her worst fears; while she had been sleeping had evil befallen her darling? She was just imagining all sorts of terrible ills, when to her joy baby herself appeared on the threshold—not alone, but holding fast to Mrs. Crow's hand.

Then the latter, in a few brief words, accounted for her appearance; this done, she laid her hand upon the young mother's, and in tender tones—as woman to woman—asked:

"Why have you kept all this trouble to yourself, my dear?"

The look, the voice, the kind words broke down all barriers; in another minute Mrs. Crow was in the once pretty sitting room, and the distressed young wife was sobbing in her arms.

In that interview both Mrs. Crow and Mrs. Parker conceived a more favorable opinion of one another.

In the face of facts the former saw the baneful effects of gossip and tattle.

If she had not listened to Mrs. Baldwin's reports, if she had not been influenced by the voice of slander, how much misery might have been spared this young couple?

And good old Mrs. Crow's cheeks flushed with feelings of emotion.

"Never mind, my dear—never mind," she said, "we must remedy this state of affairs. It is the duty of neighbors to help one another, and now that we know how matters really stand, I do not think you will complain of lack of sympathy in Pratt's Row."

With warm and affectionate kisses to mother and child she took her departure, leaving behind two welcome guests, hope and trust.

Her sympathy did not end here; there quickly arrived at No. 5 a well-filled hamper, the contents of which greatly delighted baby.

That night was the era of better things.

In consequence of a suggestion of Mrs. Crow's, which Mrs. Baldwin, who was heartily ashamed of her aspersions, gladly seconded, a subscription was forthwith started by the inhabitants of the "Row" to assist the Parkers out of their difficulties.

Added to this, Mrs. Baldwin's husband took up Lawrence Parker's cause, and it was owing to his influence that the latter, before another week was over his head, was once more in a situation.

The Parker's troubles knitted in closer union the residents of Pratt's Row, and relying on the regard of her neighbors, Laurie Parker's young wife is no longer ashamed to confess how she became the owner of the silk dress which was the root and crown of Mrs. Baldwin's harsh judgments.

In strenuously overcoming her fault, the latter has learnt that "love worketh no ill to his neighbor," and "that he who loveth God loves his brother also."—*British Workwoman.*

WEAR YOUR WHITE RIBBON.

A writer in the *Woman's Journal*, the organ of the W.C.T.U., says:

Yes, there is a power in our badge. When worn so as to be seen—and not tucked away in the bureau at home, out of sight and out of mind. In one of our large provincial cities a young lady attended a party, and as a faithful member of our union had not omitted to complete her toilet by pinning on the white bow. Sitting at the supper table a young gentleman beside her said, "Will you hand me that glass of wine." It was an inspiration that prompted her to look him calmly in the face and reply, "I should have to take *off my* white ribbon to do that, and then you know the Bible says, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

Her answer, with the little bow as an object lesson, fastened themselves on his mind, and haunted him, until soon after he signed the pledge as an honorary member of the union, with the ultimate result of bringing into the work three of his chums who also became honorary members, all of whom, although still young, were already a proof of the two great fascination of the wine cup.

A young worker from another of our Canadian cities was returning one night in a street car from some mission work carried on under the auspices of the union. As she stepped from the car near her home, she observed that the only occupant, a laboring man left it at the same time and appeared to follow her. She became slightly nervous on noting that as she quickened her pace, his quickened also, but soon reaching her home was about to quickly ascend the steps when he accosted her with the words, "Excuse me, but I see you wear the white ribbon." "Yes," was the reply, as she paused to hear further he added, "I have a wife who is terribly addicted to drink, and a family of small helpless children. I wish you would come to see them, and perhaps you may help to win her back to a respectable life." It is almost needless to add that his address was taken, and investigation revealed the very great need of just such help as their union was able to give.

A young lady from still another of our Canadian cities was travelling in the mountains of California with some friends. A part of the route was to be covered by stage, and for further observation, our white ribboner chose her place beside the driver. In due time they stopped at a wayside inn to water the horses, and the men to refresh themselves with something stronger. On becoming seated again the driver said confidentially to his lady companion, "I generally take a drink myself, but omitted it to-day, as I thought I couldn't sit beside that white ribbon of yours if my breath had the odor of whiskey."

The little snowy knot gave her the services of a clear headed coachman during what is a rough and somewhat perilous journey.

A back number of the *Union Signal* is responsible for the following:—

"A lady was passing along one of the crowded streets of Boston, when a man rough in exterior, with a troubled and haunted expression on his face, and an earnest longing in his eyes that was startling in its intensity, stepped in front of her and pointing to the badge said, "I see you wear the white ribbon." "Yes was reply. "And what can I do for you." "Pray for me," he said "My business takes me in to place after place where liquor is sold, and I must have help to enable me to keep my pledge." The little knot takes on a new beauty when we realize what its meaning may be to some burdened storm-tossed soul. We know not when our opportunity may come to give a word of encouragement to some despairing and faltering one, therefore, let us not fail to wear our white ribbon.

Again, a young "Y" from Canada, travelling alone through the southern states was taken ill by the way. Another white ribboner seeing her wear the snowy badge approached her, offered her services and cared for her during the balance of the journey.

These few simple incidents, which no doubt could be multiplied almost indefinitely, will serve to show the advantage of letting our interest in this great reform be known, which in hundreds of instances we can do in no other way than by letting the little bow be seen.

SOMETHING DISJOINTED.

Does it not begin to dawn upon some of the wise leaders of business and politics that something is out of joint in the social structure? Is it not about time to begin to inquire whether the laws of the devil are the only practicable laws? Whether the maxim, Every man for himself, and so forth, is the true regulative principle of all human affairs, outside of the home and the church? We have kept saying, lo, these many years, says Washington Gladden, that Christ's law would not work in practical life. Certain it is that the law of that kingdom which he came to overthrow does not work very well. Might it not be worth while to try the law so long discarded?

AN OLD ARCTIC EXPLORER.

In the death of Dr. John Rae the world loses one of the oldest survivors of the pioneers of Arctic exploration and north American geographical discovery. Born at the extreme north of Britain, in the Orkney Isles, he was early appointed surgeon to a vessel in the Hudson's Bay Company's service annually visiting Moose Fort, and thus became acquainted with the navigation of that great inland sea, which is icebound except during two months of summer. In 1846 he commanded a small boat-party which performed a remarkable voyage of nine hundred miles to Repulse Bay, wintered on shore there, and next year walked thirteen hundred miles along the coast, of which he made a scientific survey, practically connecting the discoveries of Ross, in Boothia Felix, with those of Parry, in 1823, at the strait of the Fury and Hecla. Dr. Rae's next important expedition, jointly with Sir John Richardson, in 1848, was in search of Sir John Franklin, coasting eastward along the Arctic shores, Wollaston and Victoria Lands, from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine River; after which Dr. Rae, with two men hauling sledges, travelled 1,350 miles to Winnipeg. He gained the reward of £10,000 offered for intelligence concerning Franklin. His third notable performance, in 1853 and 1854 was the exploration of the west coast of Boothia to Bellot Strait, completing the map between the surveys before made by Ross and Dease and Simpson. Dr. Rae was afterwards engaged, in Greenland and in British Columbia, upon surveys for telegraph lines, and his observations, in the latter instance, were of some utility to the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He took an active part at the meetings of the Geographical Society, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was honored by foreign scientific bodies. Dr. Rae was an ardent Volunteer even in his later days, and an excellent shot. In 1850 he published a 'Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in 1846 and 1847.' Much work done by Rae will be found in the publications of the Royal Geographical Society and in official reports.

PROOF AGAINST DROUGHT.

THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

While riding across the hot and parched valley of the Jordan you have ever in your eye a luxuriant belt of foliage; it marks the course of the river itself. The thick growth of oleanders, tamarisks, and other trees is 'planted by the waters, and spreadeth out its roots by the river'; the leaves are evergreen, and have no dread of the drought of summer. So is it in travelling over the barren plains of Nevada; whenever you descry a belt of willows and alder bushes you safely prophesy a water-course.

What the root is to the tree the heart is to a Christian. Both are invisible; but external signs show plainly where they both are and what they are about. Dryness below ground soon signifies deadness above ground; dryness in the heart soon reports itself in the daily conduct. We may wonder why certain church members are so much oftener at the opera than at the prayer-meeting, and are more ready to keep a carriage than to keep up a Christian character. The reason is that while their visible branches hang over on the Church side of the wall, their roots work underneath into the dry soil on the world's side. Outwardly there is a Christian profession; inwardly there is a stronger love for money-making and stylish living than there is for the crucified Saviour. Such root down into worldliness; others into sensuality and imbibe habits of fleshly indulgence; others still into covetousness or ambitions for political preferment.

A thorough-going Christian draws his motives of action from his deep heart-love to his Master. Up through these roots of affection come his faith, his prayerful spirit, his zeal, and his stanch devotion to the true and the holy. The double office of a root is to hold and to feed. Such a man is held firm against sudden gales of temptation. Such a man never falls off in spiritual declension. Jesus holds him, and Jesus sends currents of spiritual strength into his life as the sap of a fruit-tree percolates to the outermost twig. As long as the soul reaches down into Christ and draws its supplies from Christ, there is little danger that the leaves will wither. Some professors wear a very dingy and dusty look; they are powdered all over with worldliness, so that there is no visible verdure. Some very ugly caterpillars build their webs in the dry limbs. Others there are whose leaf began to turn yellow soon after they were set out in the Church. This betrays a lack of spiritual moisture in the heart; perhaps secret 'borers' of sin are at work there killing the tree itself by inches. The leaf tells the story. It is a grievous mistake to suppose that a Christian can be kept fresh, foliage-laden, and fruitful by a mere Church covenant, or dread of discipline, or a respect for 'appearances.' His inner life must be hid with Christ in God.

A well-rooted Christian is proof against drought. There is a kind of religion that is only green and flourishing during the heavy rains of a revival season; the rest of the year it is brown and barren. Pastors come to recognize these periodical professors, and expect little from them except in seasons of excitement. They drop out of the prayer-meeting, grow lax about the 'second service' on the Sabbath, and swing over into a careless worldly style of conduct, until the dash of a revival-shower starts them into new life again. Then for a time no one is so eager to hear the celebrated evangelist who is holding his special services; no one sings the Sankey hymns quite so loudly as they. They quite distance steady-going Elder Goodgold and Deacon Steadfast and the other solid brethren, who bear just as much fruit during a dry time as they do under the downpour of a revival. We ministers understand such periodical Christians, and estimate at its right value their brief show of glossy leaves and pretentious blossoms. In fact, their course during a season of Church-awakening is the severest condemnation of their habitual course at all other times.

But let us be thankful that there is a type of piety that is never affected by a drought. During the mid-summer, when the pastor is off recruiting, when the prayer-meeting dwindles, these thirsty souls keep coming to the well, and keep the heart-roots moist by unceasing communion with Christ. Away from home—at the summer resort—over among the seductions of foreign travel, or wherever they are, their life is as legible and beautiful as a palm-tree. Down under the surface, away down in the heart of them, there are innumerable rootlets of affection that are in the wells of everlasting water.

The spiritual weather never affects such Christians; they thrive under every condition of the thermometer and the barometer. Every year is a bearing year. They are in the habit of serving Christ, in the habit of praying and of delving in their Bibles, and of giving systematically their money to good objects, as well as of paying their other debts; they produce the fruits of the Spirit, such as faith, patience, truthfulness, and benevolence, just as my 'Bartlets' tree yields its annual tale of juicy pears. Sometimes God shakes the tree by a sudden trial, and then how the fruit does rattle down! I sometimes think that God gives certain of his people these severe jars just to show how firm the roots are, and how abundantly the fruit will drop. These are his choice trees; they are planted close to the rivers; they do not 'see when the heat cometh'; they are not troubled in the years of drought, neither do they ever cease from yielding abundantly. It is perfectly possible for every one of us to be just such a Christian.

THE LATE DR. JOHN RAE.

MYSTERIES OF ELECTRICITY.

Electricity in the many forms in which it has been made useful to man has become so familiar to most persons in recent years that it is rather a matter for surprise that in some of its most interesting manifestations it remains to-day as mysterious an agent as it ever was. The tremendous power of a stroke of lightning is beyond all possibility of imitation by artificial means, and yet that power is seldom exercised twice in precisely the same manner. Sometimes the lightning appears to exert its full might like an angry giant, and its blow then resembles a shot from a hundred-ton gun—nothing can withstand it, and it rends, tears and scatters broadcast whatever object it encounters.

An instance of this terrific capacity for destruction possessed by a bolt of lightning was the instant demolition in England, a year or so ago, of a great oak-tree which for generations had been the pride of a neighborhood.

Occasionally all this fearful power is expended upon an insignificant object, as happened near West Louisville, in Kentucky, last June, when a turkey-buzzard, sailing high in the air at the beginning of a thunder-storm, was suddenly annihilated in the sight of several spectators by a bolt of lightning that darted from a cloud.

The same mysterious force manifests the variety of its powers by such performances as photographing—for a sort of photographing it really is—the forms and colors of neighboring objects upon the surface of whatever thing has felt the fury of its assault. Near the town of Warren, in Ohio, last July, a young man who had taken refuge under a tree during a thunder-storm was killed by lightning, and upon his breast and other parts of his body appeared wonderfully distinct images of the leaves and branches of the tree.

We often hear accounts of the strange behavior of what is called ball lightning: and still another form in which the electricity of the atmosphere occasionally manifests itself, is the so-called St. Elmo's fire, which illuminates the yards of a ship as with ghostly lanterns. The European scientific papers have recently contained an account of a very singular appearance of this kind of electric light which was witnessed near the town of Gottschee.

Two gentlemen, walking along a country road during a snow-storm, saw what seemed to be a glimmer coming out of the new-fallen snow. It was presently discovered that the light enveloped the iron cap on the end of the cane carried by one of them. When he raised the cane in the air little sparks seemed to dance forth from it.

There are many of these electrical exhibitions furnished by nature which occur in the presence of persons who do not take the trouble to observe them carefully, and afterwards to report what they have seen. Some of the things that now appear mysterious would cease to be so if more people would learn to use their eyes and their brains at the same time.—*Youth's Companion.*

A DELIGHTFUL PICTURE.

The world can never know enough of such a noble man as Phillips Brooks, and the publication, in the August *Century*, of his letters to his little nieces, affords a most charming side view of a magnificent personality. Bishop Brooks, the master of language, shows himself no less its master in his ability to write the simplest and gayest of letters to little children. Witness this: 'Dear Gertie: I bought the prettiest thing you every saw for you the other day. 'If you were to guess for three weeks, making two guesses every minute, you could not guess what it is. I shall not tell you, because I want you to be all surprised to pieces when you see it, and I am so impatient to give it to you that I can hardly wait.' And Bishop Brooks, the kingly leader of men, is not a more attractive and winsome personage than the Uncle Phillips disclosed in this delightful picture: 'It is only five weeks from to-day that I shall expect to see you in the dear old study in Clarendon street, where we have had such a lot of good times together before now. Just think of it! We'll set the music-box a-going, and light all the gas-lights in the house, and get my doll out of her cupboard, and dress Tood up in a red pocket-handkerchief, and stand her up on the study table, and make her give three cheers! Then we'll have some gingerbread and lemonade.' And, after all, if it had not been for the Uncle Phillips within the great heart, could the kingly Bishop Brooks have wrought with such power on mankind?—*Golden Rule.*

KITCHEN-GARDEN.

A VISIT TO THE BABIES AT THE FAIR.

The Children's Building is a daintily decorated structure next south of the Woman's Building. It was not built from the general fair fund, but mainly with the proceeds of a bazar held at Mrs. Potter Palmer's house last winter.

Two mothers, each holding her baby in her arms, entered the creche as I did! 'Well, I'm not going to leave my baby to cry his eyes out as some of these are doing: Shall you leave yours?' The other replied: 'Well, if I can't always keep my own baby from crying, I don't see how any one else can do it; and I'm sure she'll have good care. I guess I'll get her to sleep and leave her.' She did so, and I think had no cause to regret it.

Many white-curtained cradles, a long closet with stores of clean clothing, plenty of toys and swinging chairs, and pleasant-faced nursemaids in uniform were the first features that caught my eye in this noble institution.

On application at the door each little one is carefully examined, to be sure that it is not ill in any way, as the creche here cannot do hospital work. Then a numbered check is fastened to its left shoulder, the mother receives the corresponding check, and off she goes, serene in the assurance that she is free for the day and that baby is safe.

Most of the babies were asleep, as it was about two o'clock; some were contentedly sucking their thumbs and kicking up their small heels; others were drawing consolation and nourishment from bottles; while three or four were in a very melancholy frame of mind.

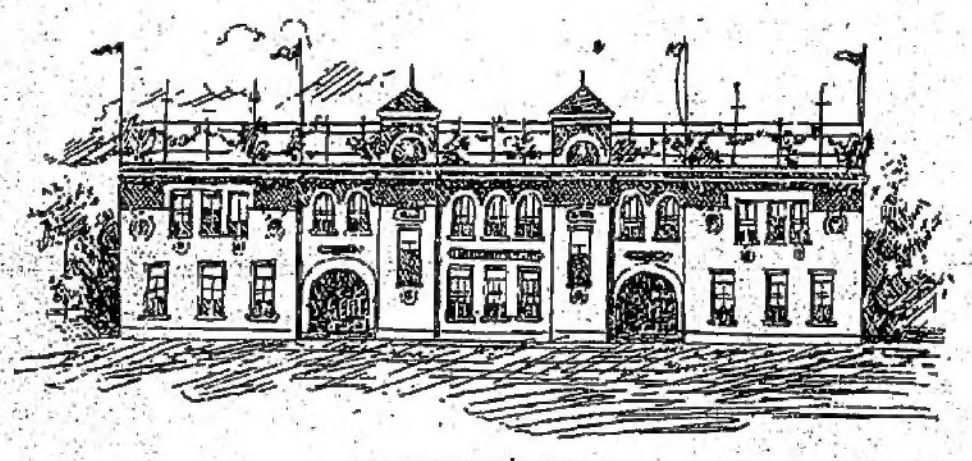
One poor little soul had a pain under his belt. He was patted and petted, and trotted, and walked with, and given hot water, until he was better and fell asleep.

Another homesick infant was washed, and fed, and sung to, and rocked, and taken to the roof-garden to play, but he refused to do anything but wail for 'mamma.'

A pretty little girl about two years old was also fretting for her mother. The nurses said that just as they would get her diverted and quiet, the anxious but injudicious parent would come and knock on the window to her, and then the work had to be done over. I took her in my lap, and she played with my bag and fan, and was soon consoled. When I came back in half an hour she was happily laughing and shouting in one of the little swinging-chairs.

A space on the floor about ten feet is enclosed. This is called the 'Pound.' The little ones are put in there with their toys, instead of letting them crawl about underfoot. Some could pull themselves up by the railing and walk around by it. One ambitious infant was vainly trying to climb over, and another had retired to a pillow in the corner, and from there gazed about with big, solemn, staring eyes.

The nurses had their hands full, and a notice had been put up, saying: 'No more infants under two years received to-day.



THE CHILDREN'S BUILDING.

Children are taken from early infancy to six years old. The youngest they have ever had was three weeks. On the Fourth of July they cared for ninety-five children in the course of the day.

The commissioner from Siam has expressed himself as much delighted with this institution, and he and his wife have taken copious notes and directions, with a view to starting a similar place in Siam for the care of the children of working women. They also have given substantial proofs of their admiration in the shape of two large cradles, on tall, handsomely carved frames.

In an adjoining room were plenty of playthings for children of four or five years old. A group of girls had dolls, some boys had building blocks, and some who were tired of play and had put their little heads down were picked up and gently laid in the dainty white cribs to sleep.

Next was the dining-room, with low tables and little red and blue chairs, which were also used for the kindergarten. Then came a well-appointed kitchen and a laundry.

In the large square hall in the centre of the building is a gymnasium fitted up for children. It is enclosed by a railing and is open up to the roof, so it has plenty of fresh air. Boys and girls can go there all day and exercise by themselves, and twice or three times a day a model drill and instruction is given and conducted by Dr. Hartung, a very pleasant and intelligent young man. While I was watching them he was showing his volunteer pupils how to catch a swinging pole, and hold on by the knees and one hand. He watched them carefully, and gave a lift or a helping hand to some chubby youngsters smaller or weaker than the others. The swingers were divided into sets of four, and swung not more than two minutes each; and it was amusing to see the rest fairly dancing and squirming with impatience for their turns to come.

On the second floor is a kitchen garden, where a dozen little girls in white caps and aprons are taught, with miniature utensils, to do housework properly. There is also a room where boys were modelling in clay and carving wood.

The roof is surrounded with a railing and a strong wire netting ten feet high, so that no child can pass it unless he can fly. A large awning shades benches and little chairs and two small low toboggan-slides. Down these continuous lines of children were sliding, sitting, standing, headfirst on backs or stomachs. Thick mats received them at the bottom. There was undoubtedly much friction on the knees of stockings and the seats of trousers, but how much better it was than to wear out themselves and their mothers, dragging about looking at things they could not understand!

The matron of the creche, Miss Harris, has a face where sense and sweetness combine to offer a sufficient guarantee for good management, and the whole is supervised by Miss Love of Buffalo, who is well known in connection with the Fitch Creche and Kindergarten of that city.—*Harper's Bazar.*

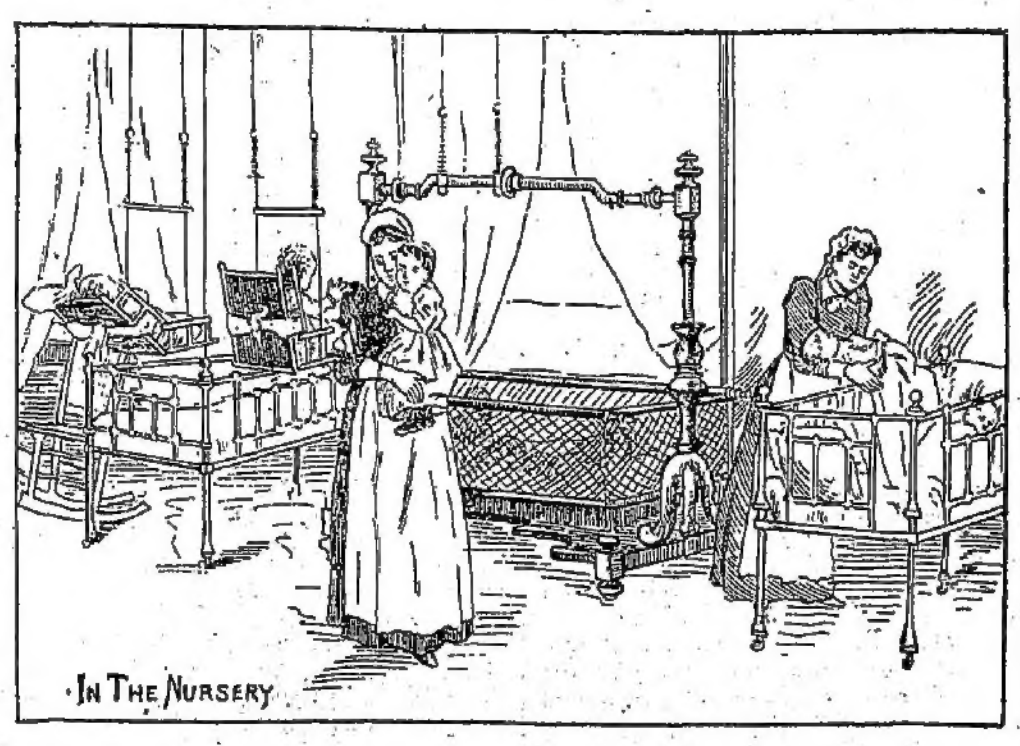
THE LIAR'S PUNISHMENT.

It has been well said that just as the liar's punishment is not so much that he is not believed as that he cannot believe any one else, so a guilty society can more easily be persuaded that any apparently innocent act is guilty than that any apparently guilty act is innocent. In like manner, the penalty of putting an uncharitable construction on the words and acts of other people is that this becomes a habit, and one loses the charm of living because he cannot trust his fellow mortals, and without the power to do this life becomes a burden.—*Union Signal.*

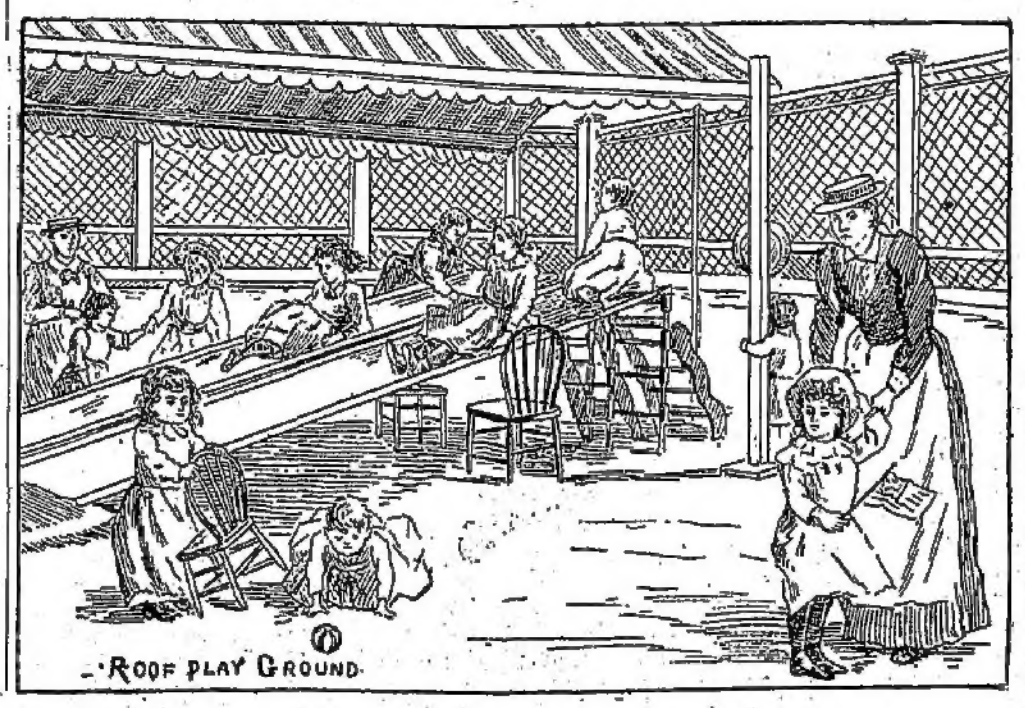
UNCHANGING.

"It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, truth is so.
That howsoe'er I stray or range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

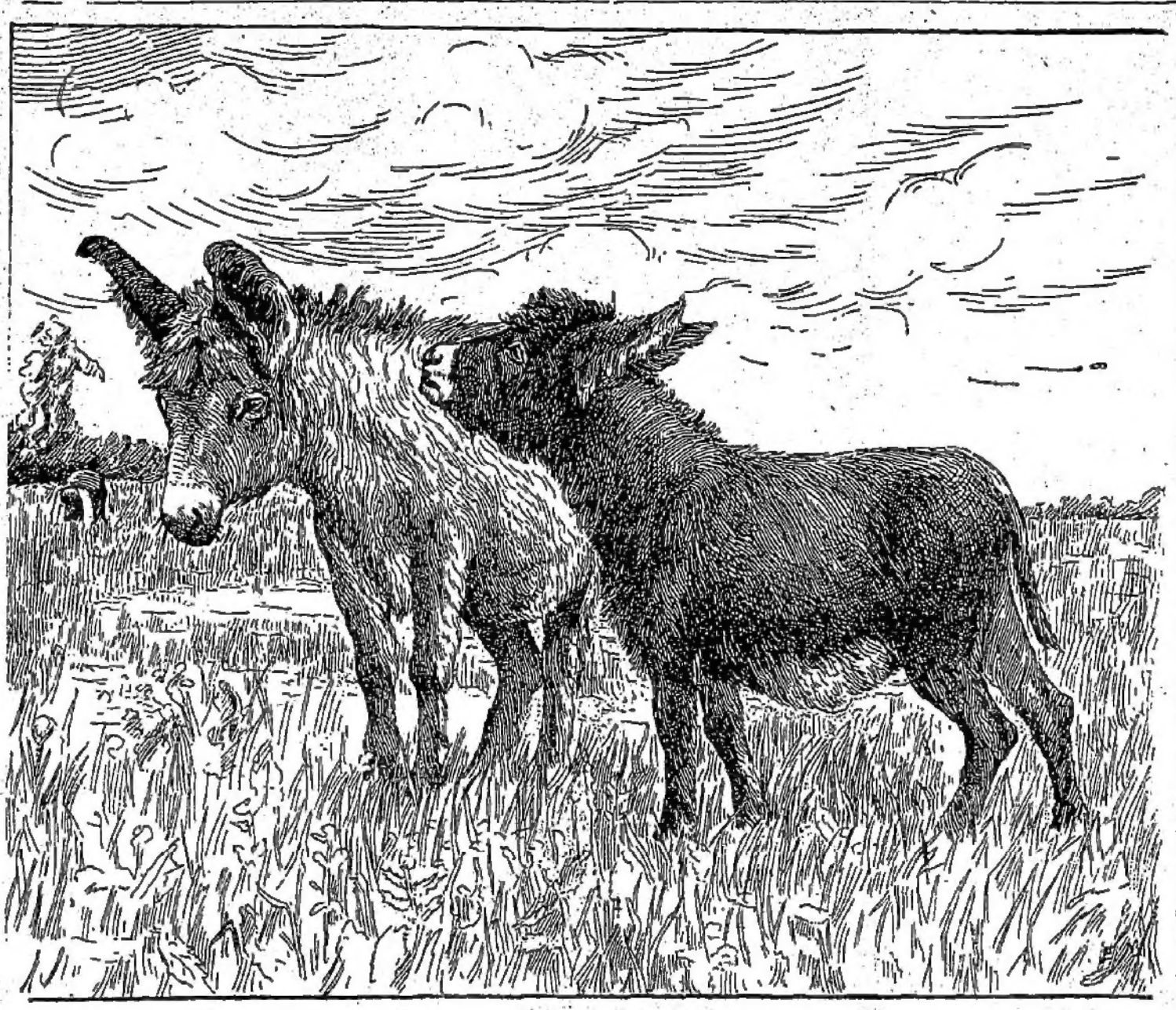
—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*



IN THE NURSERY



ROOF PLAY GROUND



A DAY OFF.

CONTENT WITH THISTLES, FROM ALL ENVY FREE.—*From Picture by S. Bruzzi.*

DINING WITH A MANDARIN.

BY MISS A. L. CRAIG.

Dorothy and I, after cruising along the shores of the "Morning Lands," found ourselves in Tientsin for the winter months, and there Dorothy had her first Chinese dinner. It was given in her father's honor by a manadarin in the "Old City," which is two miles or more from the large, handsome European settlement known to foreigners as Tientsin.

This "Old City" is surrounded by an ancient wall, so thick that daylight is dim and dusky under the quaint arched gateways, though an intense yellow sunlight shines always over that part of China. With its throngs of dark, suffering, ignorant faces, its booths, its curio shops, old Tientsin is well worth seeing, though not pleasant in every respect. But our evening with the manadarin was gorgeous with wealth and Eastern hospitality.

Our invitation was written, I might say brushed, on a big card of bright red paper, such as the Chinese and Koreans use for visiting cards. The invitation was most ceremonious; it was in the manner considered the most elegant, in the form used in addressing persons of the highest official rank. I will give the translation:

"On the 10th instant I will wash my cups and await your coming to dinner at seven o'clock. My card is inclosed." The huge red invitation and the huge red card was inclosed in a huge red envelope addressed to "Great Man." An assurance that the cups will be washed has its attractions, coming from a Chinese host.

Dorothy flew into a dancing delight when she found that the "Great Man's" daughter was included in the invitation from the mandarin. Still she only hoped to look on at the queer feast. She declared that she would not be induced to taste any of their heathenish food.

Our mandarin kindly sent his own sedan chairs for us. They were lined throughout with the daintiest white fur, and liberally supplied with fluffy, white fur rugs. In each was a comforting little foot stove of carved brass. It was an exquisite way to travel. We set out on a bright moonlight night. Our party was large, and our chair bearers were constantly calling and yelling to clear the narrow streets for our procession. They were the more crowded because it was the "Feast of Lanterns." The lanterns were very beautiful, and in every form that could be devised—temples, pagodas, birds, fishes, frogs, and curiously cut imitations of blocks of ice. The shops and houses were illuminated with them, and children and grown people were carrying them through the streets.

At the end of an hour our sedan chairs were set down before the high, blank, gray wall surrounding the mandarin's house. A double row of servants awaited us at the entrance. They held silk lanterns which seemed colossal soap bubbles. Between the two rows of servants we passed into a large courtyard, brillantly illuminated with lanterns of a size and beauty I have never seen equalled out of China.

Here we were received and welcomed by our host, who was magnificent in a satin fur-lined gown of rich color, and a cap tipped with the button of his rank. We were then ushered into a room near the entrance, to remove our wraps. Around the walls were fur-covered divans and several painted folding screens. In the middle of the room was a table, spread with caviare, anchovies, buttered bread, and sherry, of which we were asked to partake. After eating a little we crossed the courtyard, and entered a long, large room with small tables laid for dinner. At each table were seats for seven persons.

Across the end of the room was a platform, slightly raised from the floor, on which were lamps placed on substantial tables of richly carved black wood. On the platform and at intervals down one side of the room were big, carved, high-seated, low-armed black chairs, divans, rugs, and long mirrors. Few Chinese houses contain so handsomely furnished an apartment. The palace of the viceroy has none better in ordinary use, for his rare carvings, embroideries, and paintings are packed away except when displayed on festivals. The three tables were pretty, with small glass dishes piled with sugared fruits, delicious compotes, and nuts glace. The Chinese are fond of sweets, excel in making them, and eat them before and throughout the dinner at pleasure. Dorothy's appetite came back when she saw the attractive tables, and she resolved to taste even the most remarkable dishes. But she did not expect to do more than taste, for she did not suppose she could nerve herself to swallow even one mouthful.

We had a menu, but as it was in Chinese we were no wiser for it. For this ignorance we were thankful afterward, when the bill was translated for our benefit. Our implements were ivory chopsticks; large silver spoons with a round bowl, and long, thin, two-pronged silver forks, like a hairpin. For plates we had small, deep saucers, each standing on a sort of little pedestal. Each course was served in a bowl, and placed in the middle of the tables that every guest might help himself with his own spoon or chopsticks. With the soups and spoons we were tolerably tidy, but our efforts to get the solids to our lips with chopsticks sometimes made sad work with the tablecloth.

Our first attack was upon preserved eggs, the greatest of delicacies to a Chinese epicure. These are boiled and kept underground for months and years before being brought to the table in a sort of sweet pickle, as a luxury. They are as black as mud, and it required all our nerve to undertake those. Dorothy summoned the bravery that she calls up for the dentist, closed her eyes, held her breath, and nobly made her bite. To my astonishment and relief she kept it in her mouth. I cannot say that any of our party liked the preserved eggs, but their flavor was not so disagreeable as their appearance.

After that Dorothy hesitated at nothing. Shark's fins, sheep's eyes, antique eggs—she devoured all. Fortunately for her enjoyment she did not know what she was eating. Long afterward she learned just how heroic she had been. There was one notable exception to the array of unknown dishes. We all recognized the edible bird's nests; if we had not known what they were, we should have believed we were eating a very delicious vermicelli soup. Silver fish were good little things fried whole like whitebait; pigeons' eggs were beauties, gleaming through a smooth coat of pink jelly; the lotus seeds looked like boiled chestnuts stewed in sugar, and tasted as chestnuts might treated in the same way. As for the "fowl," "undercut," and "tame duck," they were disguised beyond recognition.

The viands, take them for all in all, were not suited to our palates. In our hungriest moments we shall never think longingly of our Chinese dinner. After the feast we were invited into the opium smoking room—not to smoke, but to look on. Evidently it was the pet room of the mandarin's friends. It was luxurious in hangings, low couches, tables, and smoking utensils.

Jugglers were brought in to entertain us when we returned to the dining room. They produced immense bowls of water as if from vacant air, flowers grew up and blossomed before our bewildered eyes, and there were marvellous acrobatic feats by very small boys. Poor little creatures! They worked desperately hard and made painful contortions. Soon a wizard-looking Chinaman informed us, in a jovial manner, that his head was full of wooden toothpicks. Taking it for granted that we doubted his statement, he proceeded to convince us. He winked vigorously, and toothpicks seemed to stick out from the corners of his eyes. He pushed them back again with his thumb, sneezed one partly out of his nose, and then sniffed it back again.

This was a mere preliminary. Presently he sneezed at frequent intervals, and each sneeze sent from his nostrils first from one side, then from the other, the half length of a toothpick. Drawing it out with his long-nailed fingers, he would exhibit it triumphantly. In this deliberate manner he sneezed and pulled out ten or twelve toothpicks from each nostril. Pity Dorothy. She had gone through the dinner with fortitude, but the tooth-picks were too much. She said that never, never could she use a wooden toothpick again. The juggling was followed by a grand display of fireworks in the courtyard, and in this blaze of glory we departed. On reaching our house in the settlement, we sat down with relish to a banquet of cold roast beef and bread and butter.—*Messenger.*

HIS LITTLE CHIVALRY.

Sometimes the spirit of sympathy and tenderness crops out on apparently barren soil. On the corner of one of the business streets of a city, a shoeblack had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

"How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy.

"Five cents, sir."

"Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No, sir," said the boy; "five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out o' your hard luck."

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on. Who says the days of chivalry are over?

PUT OUT THE FIRE.

When our houses take fire, says Dr. Cuyler, the first impulse is to go after a bucket of water. But if temper takes fire, the first impulse is to throw on more fuel. Now, the best water bucket for a roused temper is resolute silence. If, whenever an irritating act were done, or an injury struck us, we should firmly seal our lips for even ten minutes, we would save ourselves many a quarrel, many a heartburn; many a mortification, many a disgrace to our religious profession. Speech is often explosive and shattering. Silence is cooling. It cools us off, and cools other people. One of the calmest men I ever knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but he broke his temper by resolutely bridling his tongue until he cooled down.

UNCLE TOBIAS'S PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

'O this is nice!'

That was all that Nate Walters said. Then in silence he looked around him and saw all the mysteries of the prairie-schooner and emigrant-waggon in which with his Uncle Tobias's family he expected to make a journey to the foot of a lofty mountain-range that could only be seen in very clear weather. The waggon was a stout, ample, canvas-covered structure borne by four strong wheels. There were seats by day, and mattresses by night. There was a little stove whose slender funnel pierced the canvas roof, a collar of tin enclosing the funnel where it projected from the canvas. This collar around the long neck of the funnel was not for good looks but to prevent any danger from the fire.

'Can't hardly wait till to-morrow, when Uncle Tobias starts off,' declared Nate.

The morrow came, and the emigrant-waggon moved away, their oxen slowly journeying over the prairie. Nate was proud of the waggon. He walked a while by its side. The waggon halted in half an hour. Then he climbed a very short flight of steps up to the little door in the side of the canvas wall, and Aunt Nabby told him he could take a nap on a little mattress in the rear of the big waggon.

'You see, aunt, it tires a boy a-walkin',' said Nate, stretched out on the mattress and already gaping.

'I know it. It is very, very hard for a boy.'

Then Aunt Nabby sighed.

At first he could not understand why his aunt would sigh when she talked about boys. He soon learned the reason. How much he could have guessed that very day if he had been awake five minutes later when Aunt Nabby bending above a curly-haired boy sighed heavily and murmured, 'Don't I wish our Joe wasn't any bigger and was a-lyin' down here fast asleep. O dear!'

Joe was a young fellow about eighteen. Two months ago he had gone off with a party of rough men toward the far away blue mountains whose misty tops rose above the long, stretching prairie the schooner was now toiling across.

When Nate awoke it was noon. The big, heavy waggon was not in motion. Nate looked out and he saw the shade of trees and he caught the flash of a bright stream. Aunt Nabby was busy with preparations for dinner, and when ready, it seemed to Nate that it was the very finest meal he had ever eaten, and it was eaten too in the finest dining-room he had ever seen—a green nook in the clump of trees by the side of the bright stream. After dinner the stream was forded, and toward the distant mountains the waggon slowly, heavily, steadily lumbered along.

There was one thing Nate missed in his interesting waggon trip. He had left behind him a Christian home from which he expected to be absent a year on a visit to this Uncle Tobias in his anticipated new home at the foot of the mountains. Nate's father was particular to call together the family every morning for prayers, and was not that Uncle Tobias's fashion?

'Your Uncle Tobias has a lot on his mind. He's a-worryin',' Aunt Nabby had said more than once. Was he worrying about Joe, Nate wondered. When Uncle Tobias would stand and look off toward the distant mountains of azure, his face clouding, Nate would say 'He's a-thinkin' about Joe.'

But if he were worrying about his son who had strayed off with the rough men, was not that a reason why the fire on prayer's altar should be kindled—a light to shine in a shaded place? So it seemed to Nate. And if Uncle Tobias and Aunt Nabby had for any reason let the fire go out on prayer's altar, was it not all the more desirable that some one should kindle the comforting, hopeful flame? It had better be a boy than nobody.

The next morning Nate was alone in the old prairie-schooner. Uncle Tobias and Aunt Nabby were outside making some plans for the day ere the heavy waggon wheels began slowly to turn round toward the mountains. Nate had said his prayer that morning, but he wondered how it would sound if all alone he said it aloud. Would his voice sound like his father's reverently saying at home the words of prayer?

'Nobody here!' said Nate, looking around the waggon interior. Then he dropped upon his knees, closed his eyes, clasped his hands, and said aloud the prayer he had already breathed out to God in the early morning.

'Hark!' said Uncle Tobias to Aunt Nabby. 'What's that?'

'Somebody speakin', Tobias.'

'Nobody is there except Nathan.'

'P'raps, Nabby, he's sayin' a piece. He's a good boy to say pieces in Sunday-school, they all say.'

Here Uncle Tobias and Aunt Nabby stole up to the old waggon, thinking they might hear a Sunday-school piece.

'O God, bring poor Joe back from the mountains, and help us to pray for him,' said a reverent voice. Nate did not finish his prayer, for he was startled by the sound of a hasty, heavy rustling, and his next word was 'Amen.'

That night the waggon wheels came to their usual stop. The camp-fire threw out its heat as the chilling shadows fell. And how chilling they were that night! Was it because the mountains were so near and the shadows were cool with the white snows that had trailed their folds across or descending from the lofty summit? The warm shelter of the canvas house on wheels was very grateful. How snug this shelter seemed! And what made it still more of a protection?

'I think,' Nabby and Nate,' said Uncle Tobias, 'we will have prayer to-night. Just hand me that Bible under that seat near you, Nathan.'

It had been lying untouched under that seat during this journey.

Uncle Tobias pulled out his silver-bowed spectacles, turned to a Psalm, and slowly, devoutly read, 'I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.'

As Uncle Tobias read on how strong a place of shelter seemed that waggon, as if every wall of canvas had changed to one of stone.

It was now dark without, but the old lantern suspended from the waggon roof seemed to shed the light of a cheerful day. The Bible is a lamp unto the feet, and a light unto one's path.

'Let us try to pray!' said Uncle Tobias, removing his spectacles, whose glasses showed an unusual dampness.

As Uncle Tobias's tones sounded there in the prairie schooner, it seemed to Nate as if he were home again and his father's voice echoed about him.

But what was the occasion of the stir outside? There were shadowing figures moving up to the waggon. Yes, one, two, forms were there.

'Hark!' said one of these, laying his hand on his companion. 'Hold on!'

They crouched beside the waggon, each man keeping his hand upon a revolver he had already grasped.

Uncle Tobias's tones, broken yet strong, rose up in the still night air.

'Oh, Lord, save poor Joe—that lost sheep among the mountains—and bring him back—to his father—and mother.'

'Come back here!' said the younger of the two men outside to his companion.

They went away to a distance of a hundred feet and held a conference.

'No riffin' of that team!' said the young man.

'Why not? You goin' to settle it?'

'Come away farther and I'll give you some good reasons. I know the people.'

The next day's sun looked down on the little camp.

'We have got an early start and there is time for prayers, Nabby——'

'And if not, Tobias, we had better make time. I slept better last night than I have for a long time. I heard steps while you were prayin', but nothin' came of it.'

Steps were heard again when Uncle Tobias had said 'We will try to pray, Nabby and Nate.'

They all looked up as those nearing steps were heard, and a penitent voice said, 'It's only Joe—poor Joe—that lost sheep among the mountains, but he is back for good. Father! mother!'

Oh, what a prayer of thanksgiving then ascended to God from the old prairie schooner! The young man too was thankful he had been saved from a robber's crime. In the new home by the grand mountains he proved the sincerity of his reformation.—*Christian at Work.*

A MESSAGE FROM GOD.

The Rev. Galusha Anderson LL.D. in a series of papers which he is writing for the Chicago *Standard* (Baptist) tells the following interesting story:

Years ago while pastor of a church, preaching Sunday morning and evening, I carefully prepared a discourse, for the second service, on the story of Ananias and Sapphira. Sunday afternoon the heavens were covered with clouds, the chilly east wind crept through the streets of the city, and as the day began to darken, a cold drizzling rain came pattering down. An hour before service, I began, according to my custom, to go mentally through my sermon, that I might be sure that every thought was fully within my intellectual grasp; but to my dismay I found it impossible to recall in any logical order, what with great labor I had wrought out during the preceding week. Every attempt which I made ended in mental confusion and darkness. With consternation I looked forward to the moment, near at hand, when the church-bell should strike and summon the evening worshippers. 'What shall I do, what can I do?' cried I in the solitude of my study. On the eve of service, and no sermon! I fell on my knees and prayed in agony of spirit. My fear and agitation fled. Calm trust and ineffable peace pervaded my soul. Into my mind flashed this text, 'For if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law.' The subjects, the proposition, the divisions of the discourse in a twinkling were before my mental gaze. The church-bell pealed out its last musical call to service, and conscious that I had a message from God, I entered the pulpit with firm, undaunted step.

Was this the manifest providence of God. Let us see. Full two miles from the church, on that cloudy, rainy, cheerless, Sunday afternoon, there sat a business man, alone in his house. The political paper, which he had been mechanically holding before his face, had no interest for him, and at last it fell from his hand upon the floor. He looked out of his window on the dreary, deserted street. The scene seemed to be consonant with the gloom and hopelessness of his soul. The evening was near. He stepped into the hall, put on his overcoat, took his umbrella, and walked out into the storm and the thickening darkness. The wind seemed to cool and soothe his agitated nerves. He went on without any purpose. There was no place to which he was intentionally going; it was only agreeable to saunter along one street after another in the drizzling rain. Just as the church-bell, which I had at first so much dreaded, rang out its last note, he was near by, and the thought came to him, he knew not why or how, that he would go into the church and hear what the preacher had to say. He did so.

The next day a messenger-boy delivered to me a note. It was from a merchant whose place of business was a mile away. He wished to see me as soon as it was convenient. Without delay I called upon him. He told me how, without any clear purpose, he had found his way the night before into my church. He said my sermon must have been made especially for him. Every word just fitted his case. By it he had been deeply convicted of sin. He wished me to guide him in this supreme crisis of his soul. An earnest struggle with the forces of evil, lasting several days, ensued, and then there was victory, light and peace. He had received from Christ that divine life which the law could not give. He has proved to be a faithful follower of him who found him in bondage and gave him liberty. This was one of the fruits of the God-given sermon.

But there was still another, no less remarkable. On that same stormy Sunday night, there sat in the congregation a gray-haired, well-dressed gentleman. He was a familiar figure. He was almost invariably present at the evening service. He had listened to thousands of sermons with apparent interest, but was still unsaved. On this occasion, however, when the congregation had left, he sent me word that he wished to see me at his home, which was near the church. When I entered his room, he said I must have made the sermon just for him. He was in distress on account of his spiritual condition, but he now gave himself to Christ at the eleventh hour. That very week he was taken sick. He was soon dangerously ill. On the following Sunday night he sent for me again. I found him greatly troubled in spirit. I asked him if he did not have the assurance that God had forgiven his sins. He said that he had, but, covering his face with his handkerchief, he cried aloud: 'I am so sick that I can never make a public profession of my faith in baptism.' But the merciful Lord who had forgiven this aged sinner, calmed his agitated spirit, and filled his soul with peace. A few days afterward, sitting in his arm chair, he died in faith and hope. How strange that he should have heard so many sermons, and have been saved by the last one to which he ever listened.

When these things had transpired, then it was made plain why on that stormy night, to that small audience, the Lord did not permit me to preach the sermon which I had so carefully prepared, on Ananias and Sapphira. The Lord doubtless leads every prayerful, trusting minister in selecting his subjects and texts for sermons, but at times, his guidance is unusually manifest.

HOME.

The sweetest type of heaven is home. Nay, heaven is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive most strongly. Home, in one form and another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom. And life would be cheerless and meaningless did we not discern across the river that divides us from the life beyond, glimpses of the pleasant mansion prepared for us.—*J. Holland.*

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